



# Adventures



28 10 10

## Chapter 1 by Aundra Tomlins

When I woke up, it was a bright sunny day. I pull the covers over my head, not ready to start the day or see the world.

## Chapter 2 by Gounaitory



But I cant lie in the bed for long, I have to go..

I see my already packed backpack on to chair. "Time to go" I whisper and stand.

Soon I became ready and go to downstairs with my backpack. Everyone in the house are sitting and having breakfast. I am very excited for this day, but seems like no one else cares about it-- I see careless expressions on their faces. "Sure they will have, they used living in New York City but it's my first day here and we are going to see Manhattan" I thought

## Chapter 3 by Ian



As I stepped out into the cold Autumn air, I reflected on the last 48 hours, trying to piece things together.

I remember sitting in that bar in Bogota sipping too many icy Aguilas under that hard-pressed ceiling fan. I remember posing in my Persols and watching the local girls sashay by, unimpressed.

I remember getting back to my freezing cold corporate hotel room feeling a little drunk, a little jet lagged, a little miserable. Tomorrow was the big meeting and I had just 5 hours to squeeze in some sleep and to get on top of my game in time for the 7:30am pickup.

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I grabbed my phone and called the number.

"Corporate Emergency Line. What's the problem?"

I explained the situation.

"Right. Here's what is going to happen: You are going to lock the bedroom door - I'll hold while you do it. Now you are not going to talk to anyone. Anyone at all. Not the hotel staff, not the police, not your mum. In 6 minutes' time, we will knock on your door. Be ready to go. Pick up only your passport and don't touch anything else. We will have a helicopter on the roof. You will not bring anything with you and you will never come back to Colombia"

#### Chapter 4 by Kilicali Ersoy



The icy voice on the other side of the line was the pick-me-up I apparently needed. Her curt instructions perfectly timed as I fumbled around the room in near panic, trying to accomplish everything she said, like a child trying to satisfy his disappointing mother. I cut my hand while trying to close my suitcase, and it stung like a bastard, but there was nowhere enough time to clean it up and wrap it up with something as the door was sharply knocked. Startled, I sprang to my feet, my suitcase half-closed.

### Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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